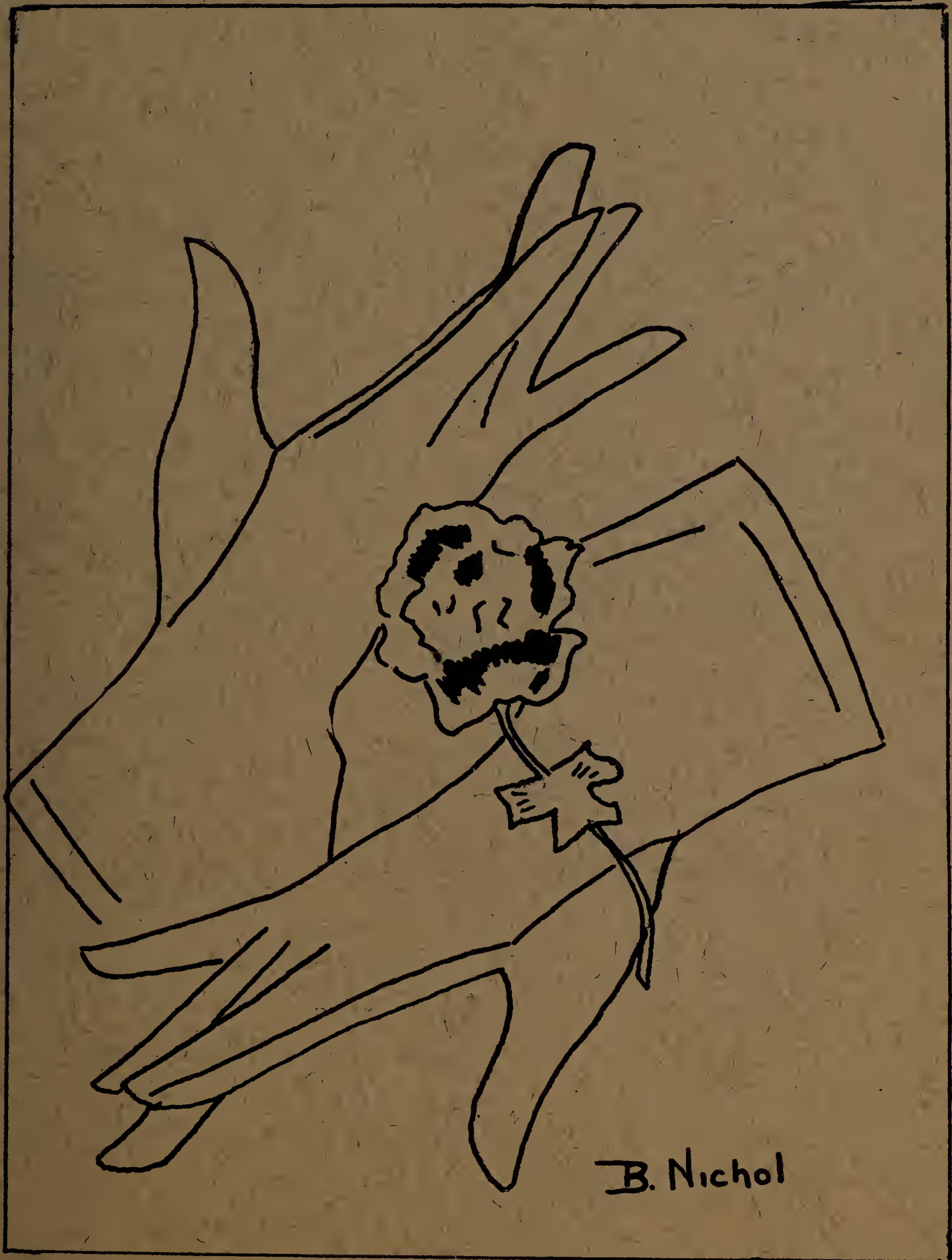


# NORTH ANDOVER HIGH-LITES



APRIL - 1955

NORTH ANDOVER HIGH SCHOOL NO. ANDOVER, MASS.

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# NORTH ANDOVER HIGH-LITES

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## EDITORIAL



### LET'S WAKE UP

"I only wish I had had the opportunities you kids have when I was in high school."

How many times have you heard the above statement spoken by some older person in a regretful tone? I myself have heard it often. Yet do we try to benefit from this experience? . . . Apparently not!

We, here at N. A. H. S., have been spared nothing insofar as guidance conferences go; yet, every week it is necessary for some teacher to go and round up students to listen to these people who are specialists in their fields. The funny part of the whole matter is that we think that we are doing them a favor!

Let's stop kidding ourselves. These various conferences are for our benefit and for no one else's. Only a fool would pass up advice learned the hard way—through experience. The time to act is now! If we fail to get the information we want and need concerning the careers that we've chosen, or data helpful for selecting a vocation, we have only ourselves to blame. If we do not take advantage of these opportunities --we had better prepare ourselves for the consequences!

Robert Kellan, '55

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### EASTER IS NOT FOR PARADE

"You'll be the grandest lady in the Easter Parade." These words echoing in my ears set me to thinking.

Isn't Easter losing its original meaning? It certainly seems so when I see the lavish Easter selling campaigns our merchants put on. They are gradually commercializing Easter and other religious holidays and I, for one, heartily disapprove. Why, even our leaders in Washington use the Easter shopping spree as a sort of gauge of current business conditions.

Also, I can recall from my own personal experience the trouble my mother had a few years back explaining the Easter bunny to my sister. Somehow it seems that one can connect Santa Claus with the true mean-

ing of Christmas by saying that he is the spirit of giving in honor of Christ's birthday; but how is one supposed to link the Easter bunny with the Resurrection?

Now, I get as thrilled with a new dress and flowery hat as anyone. But new clothes, baby chicks, and bunny rabbits belong with spring, not with Easter.

If our merchants need to promote sales, I suggest that they inaugurate a "Spring Parade" on the first day of spring. I think we all should keep and think of Easter as a day of reverence!

Kathleen M. Verda, '57

### THE PATH TO HAPPINESS

Happiness is—as described by Webster—contentment, perfect joy, the bliss of perfect companionship. But how do we find this happiness?

In many articles on happiness which I have read, the author is of the opinion that only through service to others can we have real happiness. This is done by forgetting "self" and devoting yourself to making others happy. This does not necessarily mean a sacrifice, but rather an opportunity to gain much good for yourself.

Don't plan an enormous crusade to change the world, but rather start with small things; if you prove yourself worthy, the big things will come later.

This method has been proved as the surest way to happiness. This is the perfect time to begin.

Make me too thoughtful to hurt others,  
Help me to know  
The innermost hearts of those for whom I care,  
Their secret wishes, all the loads they bear,  
That I may add my courage to their own.  
May I make lonely folks feel less alone,  
And happy ones a little happier yet.

(A Prayer for Everyday—*Davies*)

Margaret Macklin, '55



## LITERARY

### MRS. ROBIN'S MISTAKE

"Yes, my dears, I'm quite pleased with our new nest," chirped Mrs. Rufus Robin. "My, but moving is quite a chore nowadays. But I must admit, we certainly couldn't live here in the North all winter. And I'd never consider making the South a permanent home. So, I guess we'll have to get used to it."

"You'll love New England, children. Even though you were born in Alabama, the North is your official home, you know. Where else, my dears, where else, could you find such a scenic view? Just look at those fleecy, white clouds floating across the deep blue sky. See how magnificently Old Sol sends his golden rays down to earth, casting intricate



patterns on the foliage, and how the beads of dew glisten on the green blades of grass. Listen to how the brook gurgles merrily and the wind rustles among the leaves. Both are adding their sweet refrains to spring's symphony. You see, my dears, these signs prove that spring is really here to stay."

"But always remember, my little ones, it isn't the sun or the white clouds, or the brook or the wind, it's you who first proclaim Lady Spring's triumphant return. Mother Nature gave that honor to you. Because of you, the sun shines brightly and makes the grass glisten like diamonds. Because of you, the brook gurgles and the wind rustles through the leaves. Because of you, Lady Spring enters and transforms the Winter Wonderland into a Spring Festival. You are the harbingers of spring."

The next day, the same Mrs. Robin woke up bright and early, ready to hunt for some nice, fat, juicy worms, when to her utter astonishment she beheld a blanket of snow covering her young. She tried fluttering her wings and brushed off the white menace to the best of her ability. "Wake up, children, wake up!" she chirped unhappily. Oh dear, Alabama here we come!"

Louise Mooradkanian, '57

### DID IT REALLY HAPPEN?

As I walked along the street, I saw an unusually small man coming toward me. He stopped a short distance from me and handed me a small piece of paper. On it were written the words, "Beelzebub, Incorporated. Sell us your soul. Highest prices offered. Beagle Bldg. 13th floor."

Being a person who enjoys practical jokes, I went to the building. Stepping on the elevator I said, "Thirteenth floor, please." In a few seconds I was on the thirteenth floor which had only one door on which was printed in large letters, "Beelzebub, Inc."

I stepped into a large office. The first person that confronted me was a sultry red head with blue eyes and long eyelashes. It was to her I directed my first question.

"Pardon me, but what's the gag?"

"Mr. Satan will see you in a moment, sir. Please be seated."

Bewildered, I sat down to wait. Suddenly I heard a horrible scream and the door to the inner office opened. Two small men were carrying out a huge box filled with arms and legs. I was so frightened that I ripped a small piece of cloth from my chair. Without realizing, I put it in my coat pocket.

When I looked up again I saw a tall man dressed in red, with jet black hair. The only unusual thing about him was the way he wore his tail. He had one!! I leaped up and ran out the door toward the elevator. The doors opened suddenly and I was in space, falling, I remember screaming.

The next thing I knew I was sitting on the floor, downstairs in the Beagle Building. I heard a woman say, "Poor man, had a nightmare, fell off one of the wooden benches."

I yelled, "Nightmare nothing. Please take me to the thirteenth floor."

"Sorry, sir, there are only twelve floors in this building."

I turned away embarrassed and, with my hand in my pocket, walked toward the door.

Suddenly, I stopped. Taking my hand slowly out of my pocket, I opened it. In it was a small piece of torn cloth. Beverly Nichol, '56

## SATURDAY MORNING

The day was beautiful, the kind that sets your step springing and your spirits soaring. As I walked home from the library, my book snugly under my arm, I couldn't help humming a little tune. I had my Saturday morning planned out. First I would stop at Bowling's Store on my way home and buy a coke and cheese crackers, and then I would go home and curl up with my book.

As soon as I reached home I took my coke and crackers and settled down in a nice, comfortable chair in the living room. Suddenly I realized I had been reading the first sentence over and over and still didn't know what it said. I looked up and there was my younger sister hopping around the room like a Mexican jumping bean, phonograph on at full speed. "Turn that thing down," I howled.

"I'm practicing my ballet," she said.

"Oh, well," I groaned, and somehow managed to escape to the dining room with my book, coke, and crackers intact.

I plopped myself down into the nearest chair. "Ye-e-e-ow!" came from under me. I found I had landed on the family cat.

I pulled myself together and got up, going into the den next. But Mother was booming out "The Stars and Stripes Forever" on the piano in there. It was definitely not the place for me.

Well, I guess I can read in Mommy's bedroom, I thought desperately. In this room I found Jan, my older sister, moaning, "Oh I'll never get in the majorettes," and staring, in the long mirror, at the reflection of her legs.

Shutting the door with a sigh, I decided to try upstairs. Before I reached the top step I knew what I was running into. Indian war whoops were emanating from that floor. My brother and his friends were practicing their Cub Scout yell.

Somehow my book, coke, crackers, and me still intact, I crawled back downstairs. "Well, there's always the kitchen," I panted. No one would be there. Wrong again! Daddy was tuning up his homemade musical instrument (if you can call it that). It sounded like a cross between a cheap violin and a trombone in need of oil. "O-o-h!" I shuddered, clapping my hands over my ears.

"Stop making nasty noises," Daddy said reproachfully.

"Me!" I screeched, and staggered out.

My coke warm and half spilt, my crackers crushed, I got the flashlight out of the hall closet and quietly shut myself in the closet.

Margaret Forgetta, '58

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## KEEP GOING!

It was an exceptionally dark night, with the visibility at zero. The clouds were thick and ghostly white as I felt my way home after a hunting party with some friends.

I pushed my way through some bushes and staggered onto an old logging road. I breathed a sigh of relief and looked up and down the road. Nothing but blackness. I shivered. It was getting mighty chilly and it was a long way home, but I started pushing my way down the road.

I rounded a turn and stopped dead. There, up ahead of me, was a large black thing. Horrors! I had never expected this. It didn't move.



I approached closer. It was a large square box-like thing, perfectly smooth, with no signs of an opening in it; but what caught my eye was the fact that it was a good three feet off the ground and had no visible means of support!

I thought this a rather strange thing and immediately investigated. Although I went all around it and over it and under it, I found no wires or posts holding it up. But, while underneath it, I found it quite warm, as if there were heat coming out of the bottom. I looked again. There were about ten holes in it and there seemed to be some light coming out of them. I noticed too, that the grass and bushes directly under it had assumed a luminous glow.

For the first time I noticed a small lever on the bottom of the thing. I reached over and pulled it. The effects were immediate—so immediate in fact that they rolled me over! The whole business seemed to turn into sparks and flashing lights; screechings and screamings seemed to come from inside it and then, with a loud explosion, the thing disappeared.

The moral of this story is, if you are walking along some dark night on an old logging road and you see a large black *Thing*—keep going!

Richard Moody, '56

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### MUSCLE-BOUND MIKE

When trappers gather around the campfire on wintry evenings and spin yarns of yesteryear, Muscle-Bound Mike is sure to be mentioned. Muscle-Bound Mike was forty feet tall. He claimed to be indirectly related to Paul Bunyan on the basis that his horse Beelzebub was a third cousin, twice removed, of Bunyan's blue ox Babe.

One night after a particularly trying day, Muscle-Bound Mike was having a rough time with the mosquitoes. In a fit of sudden rage, he grabbed a glowing coal out of the fire and hurled it into the sky. Much to his surprise, it increased in size and brilliance as it revolved in space and gave off little sparks. We now know the glowing coal as the sun and its sparks as the stars.

In his spare time Mike liked to puff away on his pipe, which he had whittled from a Redwood tree with the Rock of Gibraltar. To light his pipe he would reach into the sky and pluck out a star to serve as a match.

Finding the East becoming too crowded for his gigantic proportions, he headed West with his faithful horse Beelzebub. In the midst of his journey a furious storm arose, sending Beelzebub plunging blindly ahead. Unable to stop him, Mike just sat tight and held on for dear life. In this manner, they traveled across the country in record time. But the fury of the gale and the darkness prevented them from discerning their way, and Muscle-Bound Mike and Beelzebub ran right smack into the Rocky Mountains. The violence of this impact sent Mike hurtling through the air. He bumped into the moon and dented it for eternity. When he landed after this jolt, he found himself in a large valley. He spent days looking for Beelzebub, but he was nowhere to be found.

After shedding many tears for his trustworthy friend, Mike finally left this valley with a heavy heart. Since then no vegetation has been able to survive here because of the superfluous amount of salt deposit left in the earth from Mike's tears, and it is now called Death Valley.

Shortly after this, Mike disappeared and was never seen again. It was said he pined away from grief for his horse Beelzebub. The only thing that remained to keep his memory alive was one of his heavy old boots. This boot decayed in time and formed Florida.

It can't be denied that no one man did more toward shaping this country than Muscle-Bound Mike. Helen S. Mooradkanian, '55

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### REVENGE!

His face a tight mask of dirt, sweat, and exhaustion, Frank Mann leaned against an ancient rubber tree at the edge of the clearing. The night rains of Malaya began to beat down on the jungle foliage overhead, and he was struck by the familiarity of the scene before him. The plantation house and the outbuildings were ramshackle, and the bomb-blasted side of the house was a grim reminder that, for the second time in six years, this peninsula rubber empire was in the grip of war, only this time it was called revolution.

He checked his chronometer and, with minutes to spare before he need go into the old house to meet Lo See, he reviewed those earlier days in his mind.

"Why," he mused, "it must be near this very spot that we hid that metal box of ammunition."

A rustle at the other side of the clearing brought him to sharp attention, and through the mists of falling rain, he saw the bent running figure of a native, scurrying into the plantation house. Frank glanced at the time and thought Madam Cho Sen's message had gotten through the Malayan underground to Lo See, the family's trusted servant.

He slipped out into the clearing and sloshed through the mud to the plantation door. Once inside the house, he walked through the kitchen into a small corridor. Lo See slipped out of the shadows, a covered lantern in his hand.

"Madam extends her gratitude since you risk your life to recover her family jewel," said Lo See.

By this time they were at the end of the second small corridor, and Lo See pushed against the bottom of the narrow wall; it slapped back at him like a walled-in ironing board. Stone steps led downward. The room at the bottom of the stairs was as Madam Cho had described it—stone walls, chilly and damp and empty of all but a small table and chair. Recalling her detailed instructions, Frank hastily stepped on the table and, with the butt of his gun, sharply tapped the lower corner of the top stone and simultaneously, at floor level, a stone swung out into the room.

Dropping his gun, Frank jumped to the floor and drew out a small box, and upon opening it found it contained nothing but a dirty old bag. Lifting the bag out, Frank discovered the box had a false bottom. Taking it out, he found the famous Cho Sen Sapphire.

Gathering his senses, Frank looked up only to be greeted by the business end of his own "45" automatic, clutched in the hand of a wild-eyed Lo See. His surprise was evident.

Lo See hurriedly explained, "I've searched for many months, ever since I had Madam Cho Sen shipped out of the country. I'm an agent for the opposition forces, and when they arrive to take you into custody I'll deliver the jewel to our leader to aid in the glorious victory of our forces."



Wearing an unbelieving expression, Frank stepped forward, his hand stretched out with the jewel box in it. Confidently, Lo See reached—for disaster. Frank lashed out with his free hand, and before Lo See knew what was happening, Frank connected with a right to the jaw. Lo See sank slowly to the floor. Grabbing the gun, Frank hurriedly stuffed the box down the neck of his clothing, raced up the stairs, through the corridors, into the kitchen, and out through the rain. He had seen eight skulking figures approaching the hut and had slipped out the side door just as they came in.

Immediately they hurried to the small room. Frank could hear them hollering as he rounded the corner of the servants' building. Dropping to the ground, he pulled out the rusted ammunition box and tore off the lid. There before him lay six grenades. "If they're only not duds after six years," he thought.

Suddenly, there was no time for thinking. The Reds were closing in. They knew where he was now. Pulling the firing pins and heaving two of the grenades, Frank waited impatiently. One minute, two, three, four. Nothing happened. Duds! They were duds!

"Dear God," pleaded Frank, unconsciously thinking, "Don't let the others be duds; please don't!"

Pulling the pin from the third one, he heaved it this time. It connected! Before the Reds had time to gather their senses, Frank heaved two more. They too made themselves known. Long minutes of silence followed and at last, when Frank turned to leave, he spotted the white native clothes of Lo See where the last grenade had gone off.

Just before dawn the next day, Frank Mann swung up the ladder of a freighter. He felt the jewel box next to his chest. Madam Cho Sen had her jewel, and Frank Mann had the pleasure of knowing that at last he had repaid his life-long debt to her and avenged her husband's murder.

Donna Hamilton, '57

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## THE PAYCHECK

Mona's fingers paused in their staccato flight over the typewriter keys as a piece of paper floated past her vision, landing on the open book of shorthand notes.

"For me?" she called after the girl who was retreating through the doorway with a bundle of similar papers in her hand.

"Look and see," was the reply.

Mona looked and allowed herself a small cry of delight. There before her eyes lay the first pay check she had ever received. She smoothed out the check, preparatory to placing it in her wallet, when her mind began to figure on how to dispose of such riches. She had promised to give so much to her family; then there would be carfare and lunch expenses.

"Just a minute," she admonished herself. "Let's do this right." So, taking out pencil and paper she began to add and subtract in mystifying columns.

"The future is starting to look bright indeed," she assured herself as, finishing her computations, she glanced around to make certain that the boss was still among the missing. Then taking the unfinished letter from the machine, she inserted a fresh sheet of paper.

"All ready. Let's go."

Now she typed headings on the paper and columns of cryptic abbre-

viations, accompanying each with a certain sum. She was so engrossed that she failed to notice a shadow which appeared over her shoulder just as she concluded her typing and set a grand total down at the bottom of the page. A contented smile came over her face.

"Well, that's it," she sighed. "If I give up smoking, and don't get hit by any guided missiles, I think I can really be in Florida by this time next year."

"Is that so, Miss Stern?"

Mona jumped in cold fright.

"Mister Meyers!" Hastily she ripped the incriminating paper from the typewriter.

"It's too late, Miss Stern." The boss sounded apologetic, even a little sad. "I've been reading this interesting little document over your shoulder, and I am afraid that if this is the way you spend your time when I am absent," he grew harsh, "I am very much afraid, Miss Stern, that you are fired."

As he finished, Mona's numb brain tried to frame a defense, but the only thing she could think of was a phrase she had heard years ago. Something about counting your chickens before they're hatched, was it? Well, anyway, she'd have lots of time to think about it now.

Claire Towler, '57



## POET'S CORNER

### DEATH OF AN ANGEL

The shadows crept on velvet foot  
Like lurking phantoms of night,  
And gathered the town in misty arms  
To hasten the lingering light.

The ebony clouds their curtains lowered  
And etched upon the sky  
The flicker of dying sunbeams,  
As they faded away with a sigh.

Beneath formidable boughs of pine,  
On a bed of bur and bark,  
She lay like a broken plaything,  
Cradled in bunting dark.

Her wretched body lay in peace,  
No grief could cloud her eye;  
For now her heart would seek its rest  
Where the dove meets the silver sky.

In sudden fury the wind lashed the night  
Like a tortured soul set free;  
And moaned its tremulous hatred  
To the depths of the rampaging sea.



But the tumult of wind was forgotten,  
And the pines flung their tresses on high,  
To plead for strength and the Lord's divine hand  
To comfort this child soon to die.

And there came the wings of an angel,  
A glorious ribbon of light;  
And the Lord placed this ribbon on ringlets of gold,  
Like a halo that sweetened the night.

From the boughs of the hovering pine tree  
A lullaby touched tiny ears;  
And soothed aching limbs left unwanted,  
To conquer Life's oppressing fears.

Through the mist of the night  
While the slumbering world  
Lay unmindful of his holy light,  
A gentle hand caressed a faint brow,  
And claimed a sweet body so slight.

Dotty Hoessler, '55

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### SOUL OF THE STRINGS

The harp's sweet breath,  
The 'cello's swoon,  
And the bass's warming tones;  
The viola and violin, all compose the tune.

A piano's tones are varied so—  
A mood of joy or sorrow;  
A street dance or a waterfall;  
Now rapid, and now slow.

Strange to me it's always seemed,  
When thinking scientifically;  
SIMPLE STRINGS are vibrating,  
Yet moving me emotionally—why?

Alice Miller, '57

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### ALLEY DRAMA

He goes down the street  
On his busy way.  
Suddenly he stops.  
What is the delay?

What he sees has brought  
Rage into his eye.  
Waiting, watching is he.  
Oh, I wonder why!

He moves one foot forward;  
Pulls it back again!  
What can be his caution?  
What will be his plan?

A piercing wail is heard!  
And then a flurry seen.  
I hope he won't be hurt.  
Oh, dear, what a scene!

But then, it's only natural,  
And no one can object.  
When Mr. Dawg meets Mrs. Kaht,  
What else can one expect?

Alice Miller, '57



## TALK OF THE SCHOOL

### Annie L. Sargent Memorial Speaking Contest

The Annie L. Sargent speaking contest was held on February 2, 1955, for the first time in the North Andover High School Auditorium. Alice Miller and Josephine Bonanno, both of the class of '57, presented several excellent piano solos.

Those who participated in the contest were Richard Lange, Diane Morley, Karin Roebuck, Carole Parker, and Gene Sztucinski, all of the Freshman class. The Sophomore Class was represented by Bette Hart, and the Junior class was represented by Samuel Galvagna and Louis Detora. Dorothy Hoessler, of the Senior class, recited two poems written by herself.

Karin Roebuck, who recited "Lincoln, the Man of God," won first prize. Second prize was won by Carole Parker, who recited "What is a Boy?". Dorothy Hoessler won third prize with her poem, "Death of an Angel."

The judges were Emily Hale of Abbott Academy, Andover, and Mr. Samuel Wilson of Phillips Academy, Andover. The contestants were judged on poise, memory, delivery, and voice.

The entire program was under the direction of Mr. Reed K. Taylor.

M. C.

\* \* \* \* \*

### Massachusetts Music Festival

The Massachusetts Music Educators Festival Concert was held in the opening session of the Eastern division of the Music Educators National



Conference. The program was held at Symphony Hall, in Boston, on February 25, 1955. Our school was represented by Dot Weingart, Nancy Pendlebury, and Dorothy Hoessler. Schools from all over the state took part.

J. A. B.

\* \* \* \* \*

On March 11, the chorus went over the air-waves of Radio Station WCCM in a tribute to Victor Herbert, the famous composer. The chorus, under the direction of Music Supervisor Clarence F. Mosher, Jr., sang several selections. The soloist was Dorothy Hoessler. Speaking parts were incorporated into the production and were very ably taken by Joan Doiron, Mary Ann Kurgan, Kay Verda, Dot Weingart, Sam Galvagna, and Robert Ela.

The entire production was under the direction of Ann D. Minahan, and was made possible by the co-operation of Mr. Hayes and the faculty.

D. M. W.

\* \* \* \* \*

### Things Noticed

Ted Snell's fuzzy face!  
All the photos being handed out.  
Dot Hoessler's singing ability.  
The cute jackets the Kool Jools are sporting.  
How fast time flies during vacations!  
Mellie Kasparian's friendly ways.  
Bob Wilcox's movie-star pictures.  
Dot's, Mary's and Pat's frequent letters.

D. M. W.



## RECORD

### MEET MR. LAROCHELLE

William S. Larochelle, who has been with us since last fall, is a new and welcome addition to our faculty. Mr. Larochelle, who resides on Herrick Road with his pretty wife and three children, attended Bates College and Boston University. Prior to joining the North Andover School system, he was employed as Assistant Music Supervisor in Andover, and then as a teacher and coach at Woodbury High, in Salem. Besides teaching problems of democracy, history, and English classes, he serves as head coach of basketball and baseball, and assists Mr. Crozier in football.

Mr. Larochelle is pleased with this year's basketball team and our improved record, which is due, in great part, to the efforts of Rob Munroe, Vic Battaglioli, Andy Zigelis, Norm Heinz, Larry Corcoran, and Fran Gillick under Mr. Larochelle's able coaching. Mr. Larochelle can see great possibilities for our basketball teams three or four years hence and we, the student body, should do our best to make his dreams for an outstanding team come true.

D. M. W.

## A LIBRARY TOUR

The library? Why certainly I'll give you a conducted tour through it. After all, the school library is an essential part of our educational program. Let's peek over the shoulders of some of the students and see what interests them . . . . .

That's Elsie at the corner table, completely absorbed in the *Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature*. She is preparing notes for her thesis on X-Rays and has found the *Reader's Guide* her best material source.

Helen Marie is writing a composition for English class. Beside her is a copy of *Roget's Thesaurus*, a writer's best friend. This complete book of antonyms and synonyms should always be consulted when literary compositions are in order.

There are some students from Miss Buckley's science class, thumbing through *Webster's Geographical Dictionary*. This will be valuable to them in their study of national parks and volcanoes.

Those two boys, Andy and Vic, seated on the red leather chairs, are both varsity basketball players. Let's see what's holding their interest. I should have guessed—both are reading *Sports Illustrated*, the latest sports magazine.

Come on over to the "Best Novels" table and see what it offers. Well, here's the Student Council president Bob, who has chosen the *Count of Monte Cristo* for his outside reading. Jane, an Honor Society library assistant, is advising Jim to read *Ethan Frome*. Good choice, Jim!

That group over there is from Mr. Taylor's speech class. They are increasing their knowledge of the theatrical world by studying the *World Theatre in Pictures*.

This table has reading material for Mr. Donovan's 4-1 English class. The students are reading poetry and studying the background history of England during the 18th century.

No matter where your interest lies, come and visit the school library. It has something to offer each and every individual.

Roberta Bamford

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## EXCHANGE PROGRAM

North Andover High is currently taking part in an exchange program with Salem High School, Salem, Massachusetts. Many other schools in the state are participating in a similar program to observe town and city governments in action.

In February, five senior students from Salem, a relatively large city, came to visit our school and see a small town in action. They were taken on a tour of our town, and to a selectman's meeting in the evening.

This visit was reciprocated March 10 by five of our seniors including Ruth Fessenden, Marilyn Smith, Helen Marie McCarthy, Richard Nicosia, and Bob Boutillier.

D. M. W.

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## SENIOR CLASS DONATION TO JIMMY FUND

Some time ago, a collection was taken to buy flowers for the Danny Greco funeral. After the flowers were paid for, there was \$6.00 remaining. This money, increased to \$50 by Mr. and Mrs. Greco, was donated to the Jimmy Fund in memory of Danny Greco.

J. S.



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### SENIOR CLASS BAKERY SALE

On January 29, 1955, the senior class held a bakery sale at Phelan's market. Student response to food solicitations was generous, and there was a large quantity of home-cooked food on hand at 10:00 A.M. to begin the sale. As the food was sold, more arrived to take its place. Mrs. Carl Thomas and Mrs. David Smith assisted the committee in charge by pricing the food. Many thanks go to them.

This bakery sale, the first one held by the senior class, proved to be very successful due to the co-operation of all of the seniors. The senior class treasury was enriched by \$50.75 as a result of the hard work. J. S.

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### HONOR SOCIETY REPORT

The Honor Society Dance, held in January, was one of the most successful dances that organization has ever put on. Many thanks go to President Helen Marie McCarthy and her active committee for such an enjoyable evening.

Honor Society library permits have been distributed to the society members. This entitles the students to use the library without a library slip from any specific teacher.

Three senior members of the society were chosen to take the National Honor Society Scholarship Examination on March 22. They were Joan Boyle, Helen Marie McCarthy, and Helen Mooradkanian. J. T. V.

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### ASSEMBLIES

On February 17, 1955, a one-act play, "Buried Treasure," by Laura Watkins, was presented by the Speech 1-1 under the auspices of Reed Taylor.

The cast included the following students: Mrs. Winslow, Jean Giard; Lindy, Ida Mammino; Mrs. Benten, Rosemary Cashman; Jane Winslow, Gail Ambiehl; Beth, Roberta Bamford; Nancy, Dorothy Weingart; and Doris Benten, Anita Darveau.

The sound and props were under the supervision of John Haley, and the stage crew included Richard Killen and Vincent DiMario.

On March 8, Mr. Whitmore, representing General Electric, demonstrated the "House of Magic." Included in the program was an explanation of the principles of jet propulsion and of various kinds of fluorescent lighting. J. McD.

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### GUIDANCE REPORT

Jobs in the food fields, in accounting, and in apprentice work were discussed at the February 11th guidance conferences.

Miss O'Neil, Dean of Women at Merrimack College, talked to Juniors and seniors on secretarial work. Miss Joan Nery, a senior at Merrimack College, talked to Miss Clara Chapman's physics class.

Art, engineering, and non-office jobs were the topics of discussion at the conferences on Friday, March 11th. H. M. McC.

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### VISIT TO POWER PLANT

The physics class, accompanied by Miss Clara Chapman, visited the electric power plant in Lawrence on March 8, 1955. The class was taken on a complete tour of the plant from which the electricity for this area is generated. The visit proved both interesting and educational and was enjoyed by all the members of the class. J. S.

### PLAY TICKET COMMITTEE

Two students from each home room were chosen by vote to serve as members of the ticket committee for the annual school play. The members are: Freshman class—Room 4—Joan Robertson, Carl Schubert; Room 34—Ann Marie Barrett, John Burke; Room 33—Priscilla Watts, Ann Wild; Room 37—Freeman Hatch, Margaret Forgetta; Room 41—Carole Parker, Richard Lange; Sophomore Class—Room 32—Donna Mulcahey, William Nicora; Room 38—Rhoda Broderick, Judy Knightly; Room 39—Michael Cahill, Laura Curtis; Room—40—Nancy Whitaker, Judy Tetler; Junior Class—Room 18—Beverly Nichol, Nancy Pendlebury; Room 19—Chuck Hutchins, Meline Kasparian; Room 20—Janet Bamford, Dennis Currier; Senior Class—Room 6—Carolyn Hawkes, Ida Mammino; Room 11—Dawn Paveldakes, Jane Sargent; Room 14—Joan Boyle, Fran Gillick.

The duties of these students are to distribute the tickets to the members of their home rooms, to encourage the sale of as many tickets as possible, and to collect the money from the sales.

Each class receives one half of the profit from its ticket sales. J. S.

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### TRIP TO FORD PLANT

General Science 1-1 journeyed with Mr. Finneran, March 14, to the Ford Motor Plant in Somerville.

There the class was greeted by one of the special guides maintained by the company, and was taken on a tour of the plant where they witnessed the process of mass production and the assembly line in action. The purpose of this trip was to learn about machinery and, upon its return to school, the class was very enthusiastic about the lesson.

D. M. W.

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### FRESHMAN CLASS NEWS

Congratulations to Karin Roebuck, who won the annual Annie L. Sargent Speaking Contest. She was certainly deserving of first prize.

As the basketball season comes to a close, congratulations are also due to Robin Munroe for securing the title of high-scorer for the season, and for representing North Andover High School in the All-Star Tilt.

Vic Battaglioli, Andy Zigelis, and John Minihan also turned in fine performances for the team. C. P.

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### SOPHOMORE CLASS NEWS

Congratulations to the members of the sophomore class who participated in the radio production under the direction of Mr. Mosher, April 11. Those who took part in the program were Mary Ann Kurgan, Joan Doiron, and Bob Harris. Josephine Bonanno served as pianist for the occasion. D. P.

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### JUNIOR CLASS NEWS

This month the juniors received their class rings of red ruby, black onyx, mother of pearl, and white gold. They are very beautiful and are being admired by all. Instead of coming in February, as expected, they came a month earlier, which gave the juniors more time to enjoy their rings.



The following members of the junior class are members of the Prom Committee this year: Norman Heinze, Dennis Currier, Frances Broderick, Patricia Buchan, Gilda Nardi and Samuel Galvagna.

Congratulations to Anita Darveau for her splendid job in the play put on by the Speech 1 Class. She did an excellent job! T. A. C.

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### SENIOR CLASS NEWS

In early February, a senior class meeting was held at which several details were settled. The major item was the dedication of our year book. The class almost unanimously voted to dedicate this year's *Gobbler* to Mr. Lee. At this meeting the seniors also voted on members of the class to comprise the Prom Committee. The members who were chosen were Bob Kellan, Chuck Kettinger, Elsie Thomas, Gerry Forgetta, Maureen Smith, and Fran Gillick. Later, four additional seniors were chosen to complete the committee. They are Joan Valliere, Dawn Paveldakes, Dot Hoessler, and Jane Sargent. The Class Color and Motto Committee was elected at this meeting also. It is made up of Kenny Rapacz, Dot Hoessler, Ann Doherty, Bob Kellan, Elsie Thomas, and Corinne Smith.

We are sure that with these classmates on the committees, the class of '55 can not help having the best prom yet and the most suitable class motto. M. M.

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### INTRAMURAL BASKETBALL

The intramural tournament was won by the Junior Rinkie Dinks. Members of this team are R. Hollins, R. Ela, B. Kalinowski, L. Detora, C. Hutchins, B. Crane, M. Foulds, and S. Galvagna. Second place was taken by the Sophomore Hoods. The Sophomore Peacocks captured the third spot, while the Senior Swishes came in last.

In a special game the Rinkie Dinks beat the All-Stars 37-32. The All-Star team was composed of these Sophomores: R. Harris, R. Aaronian, N. McAloon, A. McDonald, R. Perry, D. Morse, J. Gallant, and D. Warwick.

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### FACULTY PLAYS FRESHMEN

Friday afternoon, March 11, an exhibition basketball game was played in the school gym with male faculty members opposing the freshman boys' squad. Mr. Mosher, Mr. Larochelle, Mr. Crozier, and Mr. Steele comprised the faculty team which played a very good, fast game. Not only that, they won! D. M. W.

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### GIRLS' BASKETBALL DANCE

Preceding the girls' Basketball Dance, a banquet was held for both the girls' and boys' teams with nine members of the faculty present.

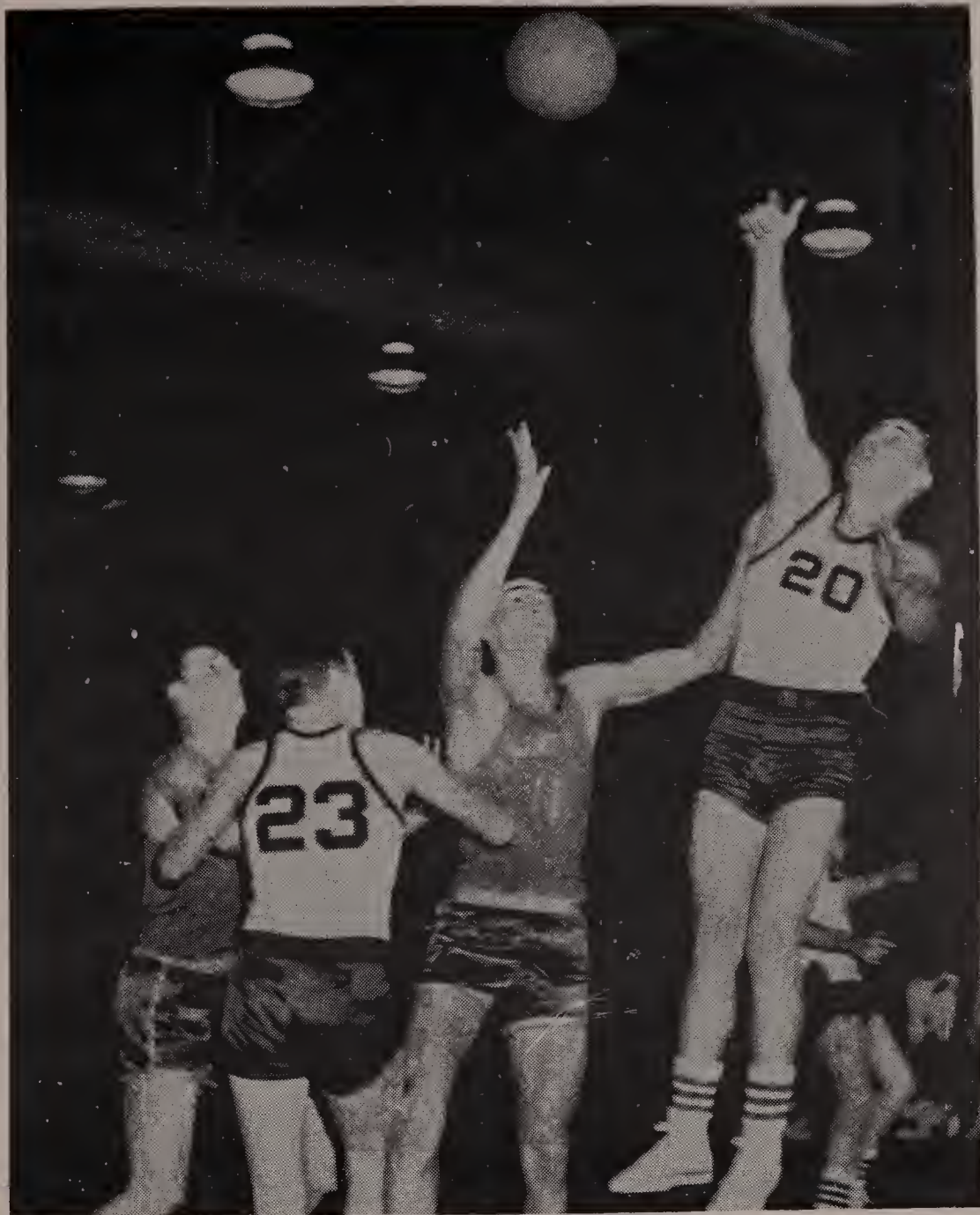
Following the banquet, an exhibition game between the boys and girls took place. The game was played according to the rules of the girls' game and the boys were further handicapped by boxing gloves. This exhibition was viewed by many townspeople as well as members of the student body.

The evening was concluded with a dance that was enjoyed by all. Those teachers acting as chaperones were Miss Neal, Miss Dunham, and Mr. Lee. G. N.













# SPORTS

## GIRLS' SPORTS

### North Andover 32 - Howe 44

The first Lowell Suburban Hoop League game was held on the Howe floor. The team was weakened by fouls and lost many starters before the game was over. When the final buzzer rang, the Red and Black club was on the short end of the 44-32 score. Pris Marrs was top scorer with 15 points; close behind was Moe Smith with 12 points; Dot Paradis netted 4.

### North Andover 48 - Dracut 45

On January 11 the team played host to the Dracut club. As usual the girls played their best and nipped the Blue and White for their first league victory. Again ace-shooter Pris Marrs was high scorer, caging 24. Dot Paradis scored 15 points, Moe Smith 7, and Thalia Currier 2. A good defensive game was played by the guards.

### North Andover 43 - Merrimac 39

Another victory was chalked up against the Merrimac sextet. Dot Paradis, the sophomore star, netted 23 points; Pris Marrs, 12; Moe Smith, 8.

In the prelim, the J. V. team was overpowered by the Merrimac club 26-11.

### North Andover 36 - Tewksbury 47

The strong Tewksbury club invaded the home court and took the team by storm. Once again Pris Marrs was on top with 19 points; Moe Smith and Dot Paradis followed with 6 and 8 points respectively.

### North Andover 41 - Wilmington 39

Against Wilmington, on January 14th, the squad hauled off its third consecutive victory. The game was perhaps the most exciting witnessed all season. Dot Paradis sank a free shot when the buzzer rang to tie up the score 39-39. The team was in the same situation as in the phenomenal Woodbury game (N. A. lost by one basket in three overtimes) with both Pris and Moe out on fouls. Again Dot came through for the team, as she did in the Woodbury game, by sinking a basket and a foul shot. Scorers were Dot Paradis 15, Pris Marrs 14, Moe Smith 12.

In the prelim, the J. V.'s pulled off their first gain by toppling St. Michael's 27-19. Barb Weingart was high scorer with 14 points.

### North Andover 42 - Burlington 45

The N. A. club lost a tough game to the Burlington girls on the latter's floor. A hard battle was fought by both the forwards and the guards. Pris Marrs scored 20; Moe Smith, 11; Dot Paradis, 11.

### North Andover 47 - Story 24

Paced by Dot Paradis, the Red Raiders won an easy decision over the Story club. Dot Paradis sank 13; Pris Marrs, 12; Moe Smith, 10; Thalia Currier, 10; Pat Hogan, 2.

In the prelim, Diana Pollard's foul shot in the final second of the game brought the team a 21-20 victory over Story.



**North Andover 44 - Chelmsford 50**

An injury-riddled team (Bobbie Bamford out with a sprained arm—Wilmington game, and Fran Broderick with an injured finger—Story game) faced the powerful Chelmsford team. At the half, N. A. was leading the undefeated team by one point. In the third quarter a slump occurred, and the team netted three points to Chelmsford's nineteen. When the buzzer sounded, N. A. was on the short end of the 50-44 score. Moe Smith played a great game and sank 20 points for the losers; Pris Marrs, 15; Dot Paradis, 9.

**North Andover 18 - Story 30**

Against the Story club, the starters for the varsity had to sit on the bench and watch their team get "mopped up" because of the Howe game to be played that same night. Barb Weingart (J. V. high scorer) played for the varsity and netted 7 points for the losers.

In the J. V. prelim, Paula Weymouth scored 8 points to bring her team another victory.

**North Andover 31 - Howe 38**

Again the Howe sextet (1954 league champs) hauled off a victory from N. A. Pris Marrs pulled through with 17 points for the losers.

**North Andover 54 - Dracut 56**

Again the Red and Black was cheated out of a victory. With one and a half minutes to play in the game and the ball in N. A.'s hands, the game was called. No protest was made because it wasn't until the boys' game had started that this fact was disclosed. Pris Marrs scored a phenomenal 29 points.

**North Andover 45 - Wilmington 54**

Taken completely unaware, the N. A. sextet once again suffered the bitter taste of defeat. Pris Marrs was top point getter with 23; Dot Paradis, 14; Moe Smith, 8.

**North Andover 46 - Burlington 21**

Paced by Pris Marrs, revenge was accomplished on the Burlington club which had beaten the team by 3 points earlier in the season. Pris Marrs led the scoring with 21 points.

**North Andover 42 - Chelmsford 44**

N. A. was edged out of a victory in a two-minute overtime played on home territory. Never has a more exciting game been witnessed. The victorious game for Chelmsford made them undisputed champions of the League. Had they lost, a play-off game with Tewksbury would have been necessary. Moe Smith sunk 19 points for her team.

**North Andover 33 - Tewksbury 42**

A riotous game ended the team's hoop season. From the early minutes of the game it was rough, because of the hard feelings at having lost the championship. Fifty-eight fouls were committed between the two teams. By the close of the third quarter, starting players for both teams were sitting on the bench.

**Chelmsford 33 - All-Stars 31**

For the first time in the history of the school, an All-Star game was held in the gym. It featured the league champions against the "cream of

the crop." Two representatives were sent from each school. Pris Marrs, the team's high scoring center, and Bobbie Bamford, team co-captain, represented N. A. H. S. Pris Marrs netted 8 points for the losers.

From the record above, it is evident that N. A. H. S. did not have a championship team, but they did have a fighting team, as is made quite obvious by the numerous games they played in overtimes. Not one other team in the league has an overtime record, except in the games played with N. A.

To win is great; to participate is glorious!

R. E. B.

## BOYS' SPORTS

### North Andover 53 - Tewksbury 36

After a slow start which saw her lead by only two points at the end of the first quarter, North Andover, with able assistance from Gillick and Rob Munroe, went on to thump Tewksbury. Gillick and Munroe scored 18 and 14 points respectively to make them high scorers for the winners.

### North Andover 67 - Tewksbury 51

In this game, which ended in a free-for-all, Rob Munroe, Andy Zigelis and Norm Heinze led the attack. Rob Munroe was high scorer with 21 points. This game brought out the fighting spirit in both teams.

### North Andover 32 - Methuen 44

A favored Tenney High team defeated a battling North Andover High team at the latter's home court. Methuen opened the game with a fast-breaking, offensive attack and had a tough time crashing through the North Andover zone. Norm Heinze, Fran Gillick and Rob Munroe kept our team in the game with some brilliant offensive plays. A North Andover rally was unsuccessful when the winners racked up a fast five points and broke the rally.

### North Andover 49 - Burlington 60

This game was played in Burlington's gym and, though our boys lost, they fought to the end. Munroe and Heinze drove through the opposition's defense and kept North Andover within striking distance throughout the entire game. Corcoran, Snell and Zigelis, with some valuable hoops, aided North Andover's cause.

### North Andover 71 - Burlington 56

Munroe, Heinze, and Battaglioli paced the victors throughout this game. Munroe topped the scoring for the Red and Black with 22 points, Gillick turned in 13 and Zigelis came up with 10.

### North Andover 41 - Chelmsford 38

This was a heartbreaker for the North Andoverites. Norm Heinze was high scorer with 21 points. It was his first game after having been out of action for some time because of a back injury.

### North Andover 65 - Howe 55

It was Andy Zigelis's 6 points in the third period which spelled the difference for the Black and Red as the two teams battled to a 34-34 deadlock. Munroe led the scoring parade with 19 points. Heinze and Zigelis dropped 13 each.



**North Andover 63 - Howe 68**

Munroe was high scorer for our team with 24 points. Gillick and Zigelis finished with 16 and 12 respectively. The score shows that our boys gave Howe High a good hard fight.

**North Andover 54 - Dracut 66**

The North Andoverites fought to the finish in this game, though it ended in a loss for them. Munroe, Zigelis, and Heinze led the attack. Zigelis and Munroe dropped 14 and 12 points respectively.

**North Andover 102 - Wilmington 33**

In this game North Andover was in command from the start as we, in barely a minute of play, scored six points. Rob Munroe led the scoring with 26 points. Vic Battaglioli got 15 and Andy Zigelis 14. North Andover became the second Greater Lawrence team to go over the hundred mark.

**North Andover 54 - Wilmington 25**

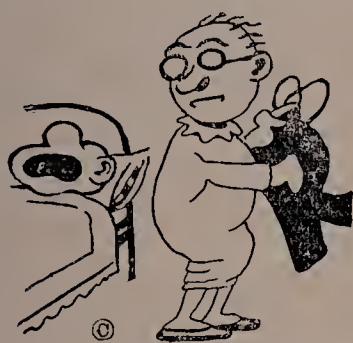
Before this game was three minutes old, Mike Cahill and Vic Battaglioli combined to give North Andover a 6-0 lead. These two, along with Rob Munroe, Ted Snell, and Larry Corcoran paced the Red and Black to victory.

**North Andover 45 - Punchard 56**

Punchard led all the way as she trounced our boys. For North Andover, high scorer was Andy Zigelis with 11 points.

**North Andover 33 - Punchard 60**

Once again Punchard led all the way as she beat us for the second time this year. Larry Corcoran was high scorer for North Andover with 10 points and Rob Munroe was runner-up with 7. A. Z. & R. N.

**EXCHANGES**

*Lasell News* — Lasell Junior College, Auburndale, Mass. We are happy to add you to our list of exchanges. "Meet Your Faculty" certainly adds a great deal to your publication. "Emily Post Mortem" combined with "Wanted—But Not Very Much," made for a fine edition. We certainly envy you for getting first-hand information on life in Tokyo during the Second World War—and from one of your own classmates too!

\* \* \* \* \*

*Brown and Gold*, Haverhill High School, Haverhill, Mass. You must be proud to have an alumnus such as Bob Montana, creator of the comic strip "Archie Andrews." The interview he gave to your paper was terrific. We think your theory on detention as described in "Detentions," is very sound. Every faculty should know the students' viewpoint on this issue.

*The Radiator*, Somerville High School, Somerville, Mass. Your editorial section certainly takes up every phase of school life. You should also be congratulated on your fine literary section.

\* \* \* \* \*

*The Newsette*, Revere High School, Revere, Mass. We welcome you as the latest addition to our list of exchanges. Your compact publication certainly provides good reading. Praises are also in order for your reporters. Coverage of happenings around your school is well done.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Orange and Black*, Union College, Barbourville, Kentucky. Once again congratulations are in order for an alumnus of Johnson High School, Fred Marland. Recently, Fred was elected Mr. Union College. In the past he has made the Who's Who, Dean's list, staff of the newspaper, and has taken part in innumerable school activities. Keep up the good work, Fred!

L. E. M. & C. T.



## HUMOR

Mike: What did one icicle say to another?

Ike: I don't know. What?

Mike: Man, you're cool!

\* \* \* \* \*

Captain of the football team: Well, coach, we're going to present you with a victory for your birthday.

Coach: Good! I was expecting the usual tie.

\* \* \* \* \*

Moe: Why are the snowflakes dancing?

Clem: They're preparing for the snowball.

\* \* \* \* \*

They call it legal tender,  
That green and lovely stuff.  
It's tender when you have it,  
And when you don't—it's tough.

\* \* \* \* \*

### Daffynishions

Intent—Place where Scouts go when it starts to rain.

Operetta—A gal who works for the telephone company.

Walkie-Talkie—Two women out for a stroll.

Melancholy—A collie that has acquired a taste for melons.

Autobiography—The life story of a car.

Laplander—A clumsy man on a crowded bus.

Locomotive—A ridiculous reason for doing something.



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